LEARN TO SKATE BY USING THE
American Parlor or Floor-Skates—hard rubber rollers—anti-friction axles.
FREDERICK STEVENS, Manufacturer, 215 Pearl Street, New-York.
68 Kilby Street, Boston.
☞ 50,000 PAIRS ICE-SKATES AT WHOLESALE. ☜

VOL. 6. NO. 152.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Nov. 22, 1862.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

THE "DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

The Finest and Largest Line-Engraving ever Executed on Steel in America.

MARSHALL'S HOUSEHOLD ENGRAVING OF STUART'S WASHINGTON.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, announce to the public that they will have ready on the 15th of November, a Splendid Large Line-Engraving of WASHINGTON, from STUART'S celebrated head in the Boston Athenæum, by W. E. MARSHALL. This Engraving is the largest and finest head ever cut in line in America. Only the finest proofs will be struck, and the price to Subscribers will be $10.

☞ New-York Agents, Messrs. SHELDON & COMPANY, 335 Broadway, where a specimen may be seen. ☜

PRICE TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

Camp-Songs.

NEW EDITION.

ENLARGED.

"CAMP SONGS" is a collection of National, Patriotic, Sentimental and Social Songs, to many of which the music is attached, designed to relieve the dull monotony of the soldier's life, and lighten the hours of the long and weary march. To do this nothing has been found to equal music, and no collection can excel Camp-Songs in the number and variety of its pieces, comprising, as they do, something for every occasion. The "old heroes" should each have a copy, and the "600,000 more" be well supplied.

The price of Camp-Songs is only Ten Cents, on receipt of which a copy will be mailed to any address.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
Publishers, Boston.

THE AGENTS OF

Vanity Fair

IN

LONDON, ENGLAND,

are

GEO. P. BEMIS & CO.,

Proprietors of the "London American," and Publishing and General Literary Agents, No. 100 Fleet Street.

The trade will be supplied and subscriptions received at their office.
Single copies also for sale.

PIANOS.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE, and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Warerooms—694 Broadway, New-York.

These pianos have always taken the first premiums over all competitors, wherever and whenever they have been exhibited; and for public playing they have been selected by all the most eminent artists who have visited this country

For full particulars, with description, price list, list of medals and testimonials, address CHICKERING & SONS, New-York.

Facts for Soldiers!—

Throughout the Indian and Crimean campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scurvy, and Fever, were HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. Therefore let every Volunteer see that he is supplied with them.

Only 25 cents per Pot or Box 298

IN PREPARATION.

THE RELICS OF AN OLD PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY,

BEING THE

CELEBRATED SERIES

OF

CARICATURES

OF

JAMES BUCHANAN

IN

Vanity Fair.

In a neat cover, stitched and bound, 48 pages quarto.

PRICE,

25 CENTS

RETAIL.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors,
116 Nassau Street,
New-York.

'THE'

ASSORTMENT OF

SKATES AND SKATE-FIXINGS

WILL BE FOUND AT THE

CENTRAL PARK SKATE EMPORIUM

Skates from 25 cents to $25,

Skate-Bags, Shinny-Sticks, Straps, Books on the Art; and, in fact, everything in the Skating line, (except ponds,) in boundless variety, and suited to all ages, sexes, tastes and purses.

PARLOR SKATES,

CONOVER & WALKER,

No. 474 Broadway, bet. Grand and Howard sts.

☞ Out of town orders attended to carefully.

BEWARE THE NORTHEASTERS.

DOES THE WIND BLOW—DOES THE RAIN BEAT—Does the Snow or Dust drift in from the crevices of your Doors and Windows? Do you fear the DRAFT? or does the rattling of Sashes annoy you, when "BOREAS" blows his midnight blast?

BROWNE'S PATENT IMPROVED METALLIC WEATHER-STRIPS

(which are no more than simple strips of Rubber, bound in metal and painted to match all colors) is the true nepenthe for all the above ills. It can be applied on the humblest cottage or the most fashionable residence; is good Winter and Summer for five years, and will save from one to three tons of coal a season. For Circular address, METALLIC WEATHER-STRIP CO.,
212 Broadway, cor. of Fulton Street, New-York.

IMPROVED

Gutta-Percha

CEMENT

ROOFING.

IT IS WATER-PROOF AND COSTS ONLY ABOUT ONE THIRD AS MUCH AS TIN,

And is twice as durable.

THE CHEAPEST and most DURABLE ROOFING in use. FIRE and WATER PROOF. Applied to New and Old Roofs of all kinds, and sent to all parts of the country with full directions for use.

Send for a Circular

GUTTA PERCHA CEMENT ROOFING.

JOHNS & CROSLEY,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
78 WILLIAM ST.,
(COR. LIBERTY ST.),
NEW YORK.

GUTTA-PERCHA

CEMENT,

For preserving new and repairing LEAKY METAL ROOFS of every description: will not crack in cold or run in warm weather

Agents Wanted.

TERMS CASH.

JOHNS & CROSLEY'S AMERICAN CEMENT GLUE,

FOR CEMENTING WOOD, LEATHER, GLASS, IVORY, CHINA, MARBLE, PORCELAIN, ALABASTER, BONE, CORAL, etc., etc., the only article of the kind ever produced which will withstand water. Liberal Terms to Wholesale Dealers.

Price, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 25 Cents.

JOHNS & CROSLEY, Sole Manufacturers,
Wholesale Warehouse 87 William st., cor. Liberty

VANITY FAIR.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

The First Number of the Sixth Volume of VANITY FAIR was issued July 5th, and with it we decided upon the discontinuance of all Premiums, preferring to give our Subscribers the advantage of the difference we have consequently made in our rates.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, per mail, one year,	$2 00
Five Copies to Club, one year, (and one to Agent.)	10 00
City Subscribers, by Carrier, one year,	3 00
Single Copies,	06

Subscribers in Canada and British Provinces must remit fifty cents extra to cover postage.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Single Volume, post-paid,	$2
Two Volumes and Copy of Paper for one year, (books prepaid only,)	5 5
Three " " " " " " " "	7 00
Four " " " " " " " "	8 00
Five " " " " " " " "	10 00
Three " " " to California, " "	8 00
Four " " " " " " " "	9 00
Five " " " " " " " "	11 00

Remittances must be made in United States Notes Gold, New-York or Eastern Currency, or other Currency at New-York par.

In submitting this low rate of terms to the public, the publisher trusts he will be liberally responded to throughout the country, by all of those who feel an interest and pride in sustaining this

National Humorous Paper.

WHICH IS NOW PRONOUNCED BY THE MOST COMPETENT JUDGES, TO BE

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS, Publisher for Proprietors,
No. 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Postmasters and others will oblige us by acting as Agents. A Specimen Copy will be sent free on application. Any Agent sending Club of Five may retain $2 if he should prefer to do so, instead of receiving Copy of Paper. We should like to have an agent in every Town and Village throughout the Country. Send for Specimen Copy.*

AMUSEMENTS

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Director,.....J. GRAU

Mr. GRAU has the honor to announce that every arrangement having been completed for the production of Meyerbeer's and most romantic operatic work,

DINORAH;

OR,

LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL

it will be produced for the first time in New York on

Wednesday evg., Nov. 19th

under his direction. He would also announce that MLLE. ANGIOLINA CORBARI will make her first appearance upon this occasion. The music and the story are blended with the hand of a master, and the whole forms a combination so unique as to excite the utmost admiration. The scene is a pastoral romance of great beauty and novelty, conveying a moral at once impressive and natural, while the picturesqueness of the whole invention, both in the treatment of the story and of the music, justifies it to the distinction it now enjoys in Europe.

MEYERBEER is distinguished for attempting what some critics denominate impossibilities. One of these has been completely overcome in this opera, as in other cases. Success, overwhelming and decisive, has crowned his bold innovation. Could any one believe that, without becoming monotonous, vast dramatic effects could be produced by elements so simple, instead of "a howling wilderness" of brassy sound and reverberation? Yet this has been done, as will be learned by those who listen to the opera, with its "Bell tersetto" at the close of the first act, the grand dramatic tercet of the second act, and the choice poetry of the hunter's and the reaper's song in the third act.

To secure for this great work the same success that has characterised its production in all the great cities of Europe, where it is now exciting the utmost enthusiasm, Mr. Grau would state that the rehearsals for several weeks have been constant, while he has paid every attention in every department to place it before the New York public in the MOST EFFECTIVE MANNER POSSIBLE.

NEW SCENERY,
NEW COSTUMES AND
NEW APPOINTMENTS

have been produced under most sedulous and careful supervision, while the Orchestra and Chorus have been largely increased, so that complete justice might be rendered to the

GENIUS OF THE COMPOSER.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

BROOKLYN.

Lessee and Manager,.....Wm. Wheatley

Triumphant Commencement of the Fall and Winter Season.

EDWIN FORREST

IN HIS GREAT CHARACTERS.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

MATILDA HERON

Tuesday and Saturday

Sextuple Edition.

No. 3.

VANITY FAIR.

Will be ready for delivery in a few days.
No. 3 SEXTUPLE VANITY FAIR.

Orders received by

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors,
116 Nassau street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

TRAGEDY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Boy No. 1.—"What's in thine eye?—thou glarest wildly."
Boy No. 2.—"Speculation, my lord. Paper's riz; rags is rags, now. I'll sell my summer clothes and change my base!"

Horse and Horticulture.

Q. What shrub does a man who has ridden forty miles on a lame horse remind one of?

A. Rode a tender 'un.

N.B. For the enlightenment of the matter-of-fact reader, we may as well state that there is a shrub called Rhododendron.

A Woodland Thought.

Some proverbs will not stand the test of soap-suds—in other words, they won't wash. If you "Never Hollow till you're out of the Wood," for instance, you'll never make a dug-out canoe.

Extremes don't always meet.

It is a very curious coincidence that Mr. George N. Sanders should have made his escape to Canada in the disguise of a Miner, and that his son, Reid Sanders, should have been caught as he was trying to make his way to England in the character of a Major.

Hammer and Tongs.

What does the musical critic of the *Tribune* mean by throwing some horrible stuff—Verdigris, perhaps—at the "Anvil Chorus" in the "Trovatore"? If Verdi was not *gris* when he wrote that fine chorus, one would certainly suppose that the able critic of the *Tribune* was when he penned his remarks about it in last Thursday's issue of his paper.

Bootiful Idea.

"The main difference between a good many of our Generals and my riding-boots," remarked Valentine, "is that the former are lackers of experience, while the latter are experiencers of lacquer."

FLAMS AND FLAMBEAUX.

The *Flambeau*—the vigilant *Flambeau*—
Off Charleston lay, grim and black,
To watch the oppressors of Sambo,
Or get on some pirate's track.

Oh! huge were her rifled cannon,
And thick was her coat of mail;
'Twas up with the craft she ran on
Or plied with her iron hail.

One night—the eighteenth of October—
A steamer came puffing along,
At a rate as steady and sober
As though there was nothing wrong.

"My eyes!" cried the Union captain,
"This strikes me as rather cool!
I'll check the sweet dream you are wrapt in,
If I don't you may call me a fool!"

Away rushed the salt, in a fluster,
Remembering Preble the slow;
"Riddle her!—run her down!—bust her!"
He roared as he rushed below.

Then fast flashed the guns stupendous,
And great was the flow of sweat;
The noise, for a time, was tremendous,
But nothing had come of it yet.

"That shows she's heavily plated!"
The captain said, with a frown:
"Any how, boys, she's fated!
By crackee! we'll run her down!

"If you aim as well as my gunner,"
Said he to the man at the wheel,
"And give him a regular stunner,
She'll sink, if she's made of steel!

"Our fortune's made if we do it!"
He said, in his quiet way;
So the engineers buckled to it,
And the gunners still banged away.

But the craft they were going to riddle
Or sink, manœuvred so deft,
That when the smoke lifted, "Oh! fiddle!"
Said the Captain—"the steamer's left!"

Now, whether the rebel steamer
Was plated without or within,
Let old Uncle Sam, the dreamer,
Know one thing's as sure as sin:

If Charleston ain't speedily taken,
And those three rams snaked out,
We shall soon be so tumbled and shaken,
We shan't know what we're about.

No more "Golden Weddings."

There is more distress caused by the present state of the specie market than most people are aware of. We are acquainted with a rising and talented old couple who have been obliged to postpone indefinitely their Golden Wedding, on account of the high premium on gold. We say "indefinitely," though it is sad to think that these old folks, who are now bordering upon eighty, could hardly postpone their second nuptials *sine die*.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

HANCE has thrown the libretto of "Dinorah" into my hands this morning, and as the opera is to be given here on Wednesday for the first time, the story of it may be worth repeating.

It is all about two lovers and a goat. The scene is laid in Brittany. The lovers are *Dinorah* and *Hoel*. *Hoel* is a goatherd and *Dinorah* is a milk-maid. The goat is a mutual friend.

At the time the story opens the lovers are in trouble. They were to have been wed a year or so before, but as they were on the way to church a thunder-storm came up, the wedding procession was dispersed, *Dinorah's* homestead was struck by lightning and burned down, and as she is now too poor to get married, (her betrothed not having a red,) the union is indefinitely postponed. *Hoel* takes this very much to heart, and resolves at once to get rich or die in the attempt. In this emergency he consults a fortune-teller, who tells him of a lot of gold hid away somewhere underground, which, by following her instructions, he can obtain, and thus become the richest man in Brittany. Her instructions are that he must immediately leave town and go to a far country without bidding his lady-love or anybody good-bye, and there spend a year of toil and privation in order to discipline and purify himself. At the expiration of this time, if he would come back, *Dinorah's* goat would lead him to the treasure, and it would be his and his heirs' forever. The youth swallows all this as if it had been the Sunday-school truth, and, taking French leave of everybody, disappears. *Dinorah*, finding him gone, thinks that he loves another, and at once goes crazy and refuses to associate with anybody but her goat, who, being treated a little better than usual, doesn't complain.

None of this is told on the stage, Mr. Printer, but every word of it is supposed to be set forth in the overture, and I am rather anxious to see how.

When the curtain rises, *Hoel's* year of absence has just expired, and he has returned to hunt up the buried treasure and claim his bride. The fortune-teller has died meanwhile, and *Hoel* and the goat have the secret all to themselves. *Dinorah* is roaming about, crazier than ever, but her sweetheart knows nothing about it, as he is wholly intent on his mining operations.

True to the hour (midnight) the goat appears, and, at once offering his services as pilot, *Hoel* prepares to follow him to the *Val Maudit*, (the Cursed Vale,) where the gold is supposed to be hidden. As the first person who touches the precious metal is instantly to die, *Hoel* takes a poor daft bagpiper—*Corentino*—with him to officiate in that capacity. *Corentino* suspects there is something wrong, but *Hoel* gives him a pailful or so of wine, and his suspicions are removed. So the party—*Hoel*, *Corentino*, and the goat—set out on their little pleasure-trip, and, led by the goat, arrive in due time (double quick) at the Cursed Vale, where *Corentino* suddenly becomes as sober as an alderman, and, suspecting some foul play, declines to do his part of the work. Just then *Dinorah* appears, and *Corentino* suggests that the first person to touch the gold (if they ever find it) shall be she. The goat is getting to be impatient and disgusted, and there is no time to wait. *Hoel* sees *Dinorah*, but thinks it is her spirit sent by the spirits to torment him. The truth is that it is her real self, and she has come to get her goat, which she immediately follows, to the great relief of *Corentino*, who knows now that she will be the first in the field. The goat bounds along from rock to rock, *Dinorah* after him, until they come to a bridge spanning a wild torrent, which they attempt to cross, when "a gust of wind rushes through the ravine, the thunder bursts, the bridge falls into the torrent, and *Dinorah* falls with it." *Hoel*, seeing now that it is the real *Dinorah*, plunges in to save her, brings her on to the dry land, rubs her temples, etc., etc., as in such cases made and provided, and finally chants to her the same hymn that was being chanted a year before as they were on their way to the church, when she at once revives, becomes restored not only to life, but to reason and to the arms of her beloved, who henceforth desires no other treasure, and—but here the story ends, and, as there is no room for anything else, here endeth also this week's screed of

PPPS.

Væ Mortuis!

WISELY spoke the pensive sage,
"From my friends me disengage,
I, myself, can battle wage
When the foeman clashes."

So might KEARNEY well have slept,
Honored, mourned, lauded, wept,
Had his *friend* but silent kept—
CÆSAR had his CASSIUS.

Henceforth let each hero pray,
"When I'm dead and gone to clay,
May no prying *chiffonnier*
Desecrate my ashes!"

SLAVES OF FASHION.

THE ladies—bless 'em!—have long had the steel hoops all to themselves, as accessories of costume; but, as they say in France, we are going to change all that, soon. On account of the scarcity of soap, it is fast becoming a desideratum that some really effective substitute for the linen shirt-collar should be devised. Paper was tried; but paper is up now, and none but millionaires can, for the future, indulge their necks with collars made of that rich and expensive article. Indeed, as a proof of the great value now attached to paper, it has been stated that the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* writes up all his leading articles upon his old paper collars; but this statement must be taken with reserve, as we do not think that the gentleman referred to ever wears any collars. The story may have originated in the fact of some of the *Tribune* reporters wearing very broad collars of the Byronic persuasion, the edges of which are sometimes adorned with remarkably neat arabesques in the phonographic note pattern. That by the way, however: we digress. The latest, newest, and most *recherché* thing we have seen in the throttle-band way is the steel shirt-collar. There are wrist-bands to match. We do not think that these articles have yet made their appearance upon our Broadway swells; but there is a good time coming, and we may look for steel collars and wrist-bands upon the perfumed persons of our exquisites about the first of the coming year—the very day upon which, by a curious coincidence, the traditional shackles of similar metal are to be struck by Mr. LINCOLN from the rather-the-reverse-of-perfumed African serf. The fetters, then, are to be transferred to our slaves of fashion, which will give a chance to the expiring Abolition party to rise from its bed of ashes and get up a new cry—the Emancipation of the Swell. The new collars and wrist-bands look remarkably neat. They are so easily "made up," that every man his own washerwoman will be the principle as soon as they are introduced, and as they are made of steel, no ironing, of course, will be necessary. We have a neat little suggestion to make with regard to these sweet things in collars. To supersede the scarf-pin, and the ring now sometimes worn instead of it, let the collar be fastened in front with a small golden padlock, the face-plate of which might contain a vignette photograph of the wearer, donor, or manfacturer and patentee, according to circumstances and individual taste. This would carry out the idea of the poor white slave who hadn't had a paper collar to his neck for goodness knows how long; and then would the time-honored request "Give us a lock of your hair" die a natural death, and its ghost appear to us occasionally in the form of "Give us a lock off your neck"—which would be simply equivalent to asking a friend for his *carte-de-visite*.

And this is why we said, just now, that the ladies—bless 'em!—are not going to have steel hoops all to themselves much longer.

Very Good—for Napoleon.

THE Emperor of the French, in the intervals of his designs upon Mexico, is accustomed to relax his mind by the fabrication of puns. Some of these imperial productions are very brilliant, others are not. We give the following sample of them, which our readers can refer to either category, according to taste:

"Ve call your conetray *L'Amerique du Nord*—you see?" said His Imperial Majesty, addressing our special Paris Poster-up. "Ve have call it *L'Amerique du Nord*, always, but now you are in so moche hot watare zat ve are going forever to call your conetray *L'Amerique du Sud*. You see?"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12th.

MY DEAR VANITY:—I begin to feel bad. MCCLELLAN is removed.

. . . How soon will my turn come?

I can not altogether express my sentiments. . . Fort Lafayette is too handy.

. . . But I want GEORGE back.

The Army can no more get along without GEORGE MCCLELLAN, than the Boston Parker House could get along without GEORGE FARNSWORTH.

. . . And that is saying a good deal.

The same hand that wrote the Proclamation, may be traced in the order of dismissal that has been issued against the best soldier this war has seen. . .

Isn't there an adage that says something about Republics being ungrateful?

When a brave, loyal, truthful, earnest General, trusting in God and believing sincerely in his cause, is kicked out of his command and ordered into New-Jersey, it is for some reason which does not appear.

. . . I have not yet heard of any rebellion in Jersey.

But I have heard of a chance that General MCCLELLAN has to fill the Presidential chair—a chance he does not want, as I happen to know, and one which he will not accept.

Nevertheless, there are some who cannot be satisfied until the fine old Democratic feeling is dead and cold throughout the land.

. . . Some of them are in the Cabinet. . . .

His other name is CHASE.

Can I be excused for suggesting, in the mildest possible way, that it is getting to be nearly time for some other removals?

. . . CHASE'S, for instance.

This is a melancholy topic, however, and I will not dwell upon it.

As you will see by my date, I am in Washington. This is at the particular request of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who has a vague idea that he is getting into a scrape. . .

And I shouldn't wonder.

"What do you think, MAC," asked the President, the other day; "what do you think of the policy of GEORGE'S removal?"

"What did you think of the policy of JAMES BUCHANAN?" I asked.

"I thought it was rather shabby," remarked ABE, twisting his moustache.

"You have replied to your own question, Sire," I said, with warmth; "I am but your loyal servitor—strike if you will, but I must be heard."

"I'm not agoing to strike you," said ABRAHAM; "but I'll tell you a story . . . "

"I'd rather be strucken . . . "

". . . a story of a boy who stubbed his toe in Northern Illinois, while chasing a black boy. When asked how he felt, he said that if he hadn't been running after the darned Nigger, he wouldn't have been hurt at all. Gentlemen," continued the President, turning to the members of his Cabinet, who stood around, "I feel a good deal like that boy."

This little parable was not totally devoid of effect upon the company present; and it is generally supposed, in Washington, that it may foreshadow a change of policy.

It is not ABE'S fault that things get checkereder and checkereder; it is the fault of his advisers. He, himself, personally, is sound enough, sensible enough, and as jolly as a reporter of the Boston press . . . about the jolliest fellows I know.

Meanwhile, the army is in *statu quo*, and my trusty blade, hacked by a thousand combats, and rusted by the blood of hetacombs, hangs useless and idle against the massive wall of my old baronial tent.

Good-bye, dear VANITY. There is a gleam of light, unseen by all save me. I wait. You shall hear, anon, from MCARONE.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

ED. V. F.:—Dear Sir: One of your contributors, a few weeks ago, suggested an economy in the use of telegraphic despatches, by the substitution of the symbol — for the word "dash."

It is an improvement, but a very slight one.

It may be considered merely a step in the progress of language.

But why may not this "step" be lengthened into a regular "march" of philological perfection?

Why may not symbols—which are alike in all the Christian tongues, I believe—be used in writing generally, and in literature especially, in lieu of words, wherever the simple sign conveys the meaning thoroughly?

Let me give a few examples.

For instance: Instead of, "he repeated the question three times," write "he ? ? ?"

For, "nothing under the sun shall compel me, she exclaimed," write, "— shall compel me, she!"

For, "then followed a period of blank stupor," write, "then followed a . of — stupor."

For, "he interrogated the stars," write, "he ? the * * *."

And so forth, through many combinations.

The foregoing are extracts from various romances of the day.

This is merely an outline of my idea, as it were. By an analytical study of symbols, language may be much further condensed, and a vast variety of beautifully artistic brevities introduced.

Indeed, I do not hesitate to assert that, with a few months' application, I can symbolize the current literature of the day to such an extent, that a number of *Harper's Magazine* shall be contained in a page of VANITY FAIR, and a two hour's sermon be written on the parson's ten finger-nails, which he can learn to consult gracefully without suspicion.

Nay, more! such lucubrations as Mr. GREELEY'S editorials, and letters to the President, and the *Abolition* articles of the *Independent*, I am confident I can abreviate so greatly that a *single sign* will be sufficient to translate them for the mass of intelligent and unprejudiced readers.

This Sign, I do not mind telling you, in confidence, I have, in fact, already invented, and if you will promise not to divulge it till I procure a patent, I will give you a rough idea of it now. Behold:

Please tell me what you think of my plan.

Yours very truly, SYM BOLLS.

NOT ON THE SQUARE.

No Silver, no Gold,
But of Postage-stamps old
We've enough.
Filth, paper, and gum—
These three are the sum
Of our change—what a rum
Kind of stuff!
And this isn't the worst,
For the glue-dabs accurst—
Dabs for which we disbursed
Our good bills—
Are dishonored, point-blank,
By the Post-office bank,
And stick greasy and dank
To our tills.
That the People whose hand
Has poured gold out like sand,
And who offer to stand
As much more,
Should be thus taken in
And choused out of their "tin"
By a trick, is a sin
And a bore.
So small is the game
That we sicken with shame
At the dodge (that's the name)
So unfair.
Not the women who tend
Stalls at every street-end
To such tricks condescend,
Mr. BLAIR.
Not redeem your own stamps!
Why, the gambling-house scamps
Who perplex
Our sharp city police,
And the credulous fleece,
Give full value a-piece
For their "checks."

FOREIGN INTERVENTION.

English Fellah.—"YES, SIR, IF YOUR GOVERNMENT DOESN'T LOOK SHARP, WE'LL STOP OUR CLOTH IMPORTS, AND THEN WHERE'S YOUR STUFF FOR COATS AND TROUSERS AND THINGS?"

T'other Fellah.—"GOOD GRACIOUS!"

A Common Alternative.

"SAY, what's to be done with this window, dear JACK?
The cold rushes through it at every crack!"
Quoth JACK: "I know little of carpenter craft;
But I think, my dear wife, you will have to go through
The very same process the rest of us do,
That is—you must *'list*, or submit to the *draft!*"

Stock-in' Trade.

HOSIERY.

The Van of Democracy.

JOHN VAN BUREN.]

Ecclesiastical, if not Military.

THE world has two Popes—one at St. Peter's, and one at St. Paul.

Poor Southern "Soil."

CLAY, of Kentucky.

Sauce for the Goose and Gander.

THE term Secessionists has been contracted into Secesh. Why not, by a similar process, Abolish the Abolitionists?

Set him up—indeed!

ALBERT PIKE, in his late letter to JEFF. DAVIS, describes himself as "leader of a force of Indians, with a scaffold in perspective in case of failure."

A scaffold for a "leader of a force of Indians!" Set him up with a scaffold! Have we no trees left?

OUR DEPARTED BRAVES.

WHERE is each militaire,
So trim, so debonair,
So affluent of hair
That beautified our streets and cut such swells
On the front stoops of all our big hotels?
They looked so wondrous neat,
And smelt so very sweet,
That at their polished feet
The boarding-school brigades were fain to fall!
Superiors, pupils, monitors and all!

Alas!—it was a shame—
An awful edict came,
And all our Hectors tame
Were ordered off at once to field and camp,
Where roads are muddy and the sleeping damp.
They gathered up their traps—
Those darling dandy chaps,
And by this time, perhaps,
Their nice new uniforms are all a-splash,
And the drake's-tail ta'en out of each moustache.

HALLECK, your rude despatch
That forced the loitering batch,
Unwilling, to the scratch,
Has left our maids and widows quite *distrait*
And taken all the shine out of Broadway.
We, of the civil race,
Sans shoulder-straps, *sans* lace,
Of course find little grace
In eyes late charmed with crimson, blue, and gold,
As birds are charmed by rattle-snakes we're told.

Men of the swordless fist,
Say, shall we all enlist
And be adored and kissed,
And have our *cartes* in perfumed albums framed:
Or shall we live unhonored and unnamed—
No sword, no sabertache,
No epaulets, no sash,
No flattering balderdash
About our prowess in the Bunkum press,
While every humbug's flattered more or less?

Great interests are at stake,
Let us dull trade forsake,
And applications make
For berths as Majors, Colonels, Brigadiers,
And "walk in beauty" in those several spheres.
We might not have to go
Into the fight, you know,
And what a splendid show
We'd make on hotel-steps, for Conquest armed—]
Pitying each lovely victim, warrior-charmed!

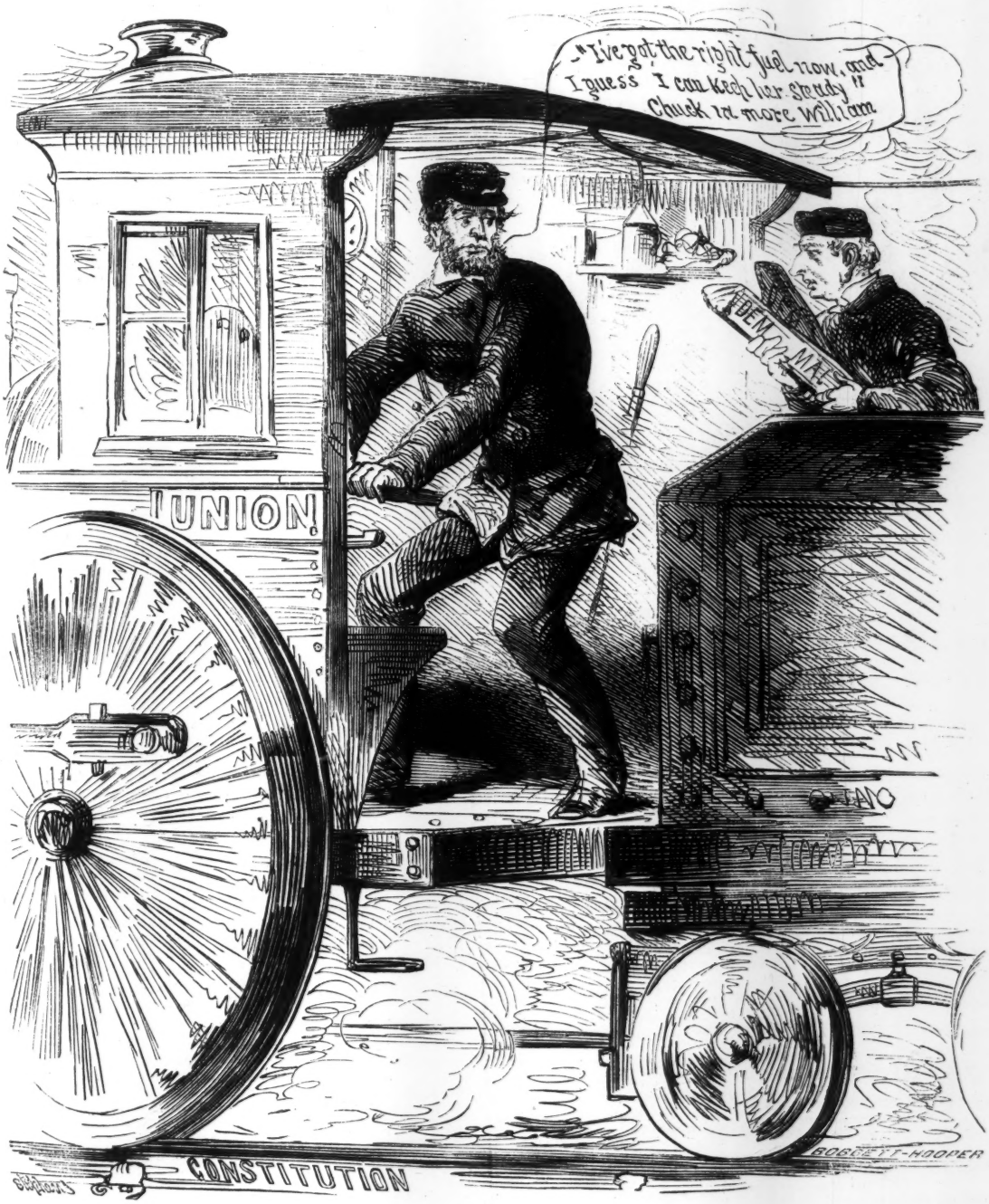
To Soap-fat Monarchs.

FOR SALE.—THE LOT OF GREECE forming a portion of the cargo of the wrecked bark "OTHO," lately cast away upon the Ionian Islands. This Greece is a reliable article, warranted always to come to the surface when the pot of revolution begins to boil. Monarchs who are out of employment and badly off for soap, would do well to look after it, as it is slightly damaged and will be sold cheap. Samples may be seen on application to Mr. MAVROCORDATO, on the premises. No intelligent persons need apply.

Cost of a Corner.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us whether we can inform him how much a Poet's License costs, now that the new excise law taxes a corner grocery at ten dollars.

Can't say. Enquire at the Poet's Corner of the *Evening Post*.



KEEP ON THE TRACK!

IRREGULAR LINES.

BY A REGULAR ENGLISHMAN.

What son of Albion—though at times opprest
By indigestion,
Or some equivalent form of misery—
But oft has asked the question:
"Can there be
Another land so free,
So blarsted comfortable, on the whole,
So full of soul
And those fine virtues which the poet sings,
As the proud land of great and noble things
Inhabited by John Bull?"

Whoever asks that question
For *information*, doesn't "belong this way."
If any one should venture the suggestion
That there *may*
Be somewhere, on the earth which we belong to,
A nation just about as good as ours—
And strong, too—
No one of us would offer to restrict
His freedom of speech—which here is absolute—
But I should venture to predict
That such an ill-informed, insensate brute
Would eventually get kicked.

Some Puritanic bigots left us, once—
Much to the comfort of the ones who staid—
And, under inspiration of some dunce
Who prayed,
Gave Yankeedom a start,
And played their whining part
With such success that—with the valued aid
Of Europe's vagabonds, a set who made
A regular stampede when they heard the news
(Which only gave us decent men the blues)—
They soon got fat and "sassy,"
Exceeding bold and brassy,
And making a move *en masse*
They took advantage of things to such an extent,
That just as we'd begun as though we'd found
Some urgent ground
For real despatch, the blarsted Yankees went
And wound up things,
Irregularly,
Against all precedent and calculation—
Insulting kings,
And acting generally mean and surly,
And making out themselves a brand-new nation.

If there is one thing utterly unpleasant
And disagreeable to an Englishman—
Be he lord or peasant—
It is this odious Yankee plan
Of winning respect by boasting.
They boast of being free, and smart, and 'cute,
Of how they gave the Britishers a roasting
Twice,
And intimate how very well 'twould suit,
In spite of all the business on their hands,
If they could splice
Another war upon the one they've got—
And so administer some reprimands
Upon the spot
With their ridiculous little *Monitors*—
For what?
Because we wouldn't let ourselves be gulled
By their pretensions;
Because we wouldn't let the wool be pulled
Over our eyes—preventing us from seeing
The true dimensions
Of this most cruel, horrid, internecine
Conflict, that is being
Conducted—
Without any sense or reason,
Because there's no actual treason—
By the arrogant, stupid mudsills of the North.
They want the Union "re-constructed,"
They say!
And what say the high-toned, brave, chivalric, wise,
etc.,
Old statesmen of the South, from day to day?
Why, they despise
The greasy, tricky Yankee—
The dirty, mudsill Yankee—
The boasting, lying Yankee—
The democratic Yankee—
As much as we do. They won't *touch* the lanky
Slab-sided menial. *That's* why we're so pranky.

Their vulgar papers—
Their ungrammatical, low, lying journals—
Not one of which can equal *our* diurnals—
Have cut strange capers
Within a year or two; they've had their fling
At every little thing.
Our change of views on negroes had its turn;
Our China-India wars their comments earn;
Our rich they loathe;
Our poor they'd clothe;
They call the *Times* Satanical,
The Government tyrannical,
The Church is hypocritical,
Our virtues are political,
Our sentiments are brutal:
And they declare,
Asseverate, and swear,
Everywhere,
We must go at it straightway, and prepare
For a general uprootal:
For verily their Monitors—all steered
By Providence—are greatly to be feared.
Not yet, O Jonathan!
We Britishers take courage, when we see
How things are going in the Land o' the Free;
Your plan
Is liberal; but first do the little job
You're now engaged with;
Your neighbors of their chattels meanly rob;
Then shall the Bold Beef-eater of the Isle
Stand back, and give a horrible, ghastly smile,
And be enraged with
You enterprising warriors of the West:
At your sublime behest
He will pull down his crest,
Return, with extra zest,
To Commerce, and the same old Social Evil,
And leave you
(Not to deceive you)
To choose your own direction to the devil.

FROM SALT LAKE.

By recent advices from Polygamutah we perceive that they play cricket there. "Wickets were pitched at ten o'clock," says a Mormon paper. We have long been aware that Wickeds are pitched upon as the right sort of stuff for Polygamutah, but we have not yet heard that any of them have been tarred upon and feathered, according to the practice followed with regard to bigamists in this benighted part of the country.

Brigham Young has been building a new theatre in Salt Lake City. We have not heard whether he intends cultivating the lyrical drama there; but if he does, we would suggest that "Il Seraglio" would be an appropriate opera for him to open with. We understand that an eminent Mormon dramatist is at work upon a new edition of "Othello," which he is adapting to the Mormon mind by the introduction of twenty-four *Desdemonas* instead of one. He also contemplates a Mormon version of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," with as many *Mistress Fords* and *Mistress Pages* as the stage furniture can accommodate. Brigham's theatre must be on a very large scale, as we learn that free admission to it is to be given to members of the Mormon press *and their wives*. There are about twelve members of the Mormon press, including printers, with an average of thirty wives apiece, which gives the neat little crowd of 372 deadheads on the list.

Brigham Young's private family-box, at his theatre, is adapted for the accommodation of 400 persons.

Brigham Young has lately purchased a train of cars from the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, with a view of having them converted into a family coach.

He is a man of very large ideas, is Brigham Young.

Sauce for "Kilkenny Cats."

Kilkenny Catsup.

MUSSY ON US!

FINE times we are going to have of it, now, with everything we eat, drink, wear, see, and hear, gone up to an impossible price, with a tax on top of it! Paterfamilias will have to retrench during the coming winter, and Materfamilias must be very economical. They will both do a good deal of Darning under the circumstances; but that done by Materfamilias will be more strictly productive of good results than the old man's. Six-cent cigars will shortly be up to ten, and Bourbon whiskey has already had eighteen cents tacked on to the gallon, to enhance its flavor. Here's tightness for you!—but it won't do for Paterfamilias to get very often tight at these rates. Out of evil may come good. Paterfamilias will have to sober down, now, drink nothing but fine old Croton kept in a sherry cask to give it mellowness, and smoke the mildest brand of Killicknick at the lowest figure. The best times ever seen by the *dégraisseurs* and the *teinturiers* they are going to see this winter. They see them now, in fact. Do you suppose that Materfamilias is going to buy a new dress for SAIREY JANE, when she can have last year's one so beautifully renovated by Madame SAVONNIER for about a dozen ten-cent promissory plasters? Not any. Won't Paterfamilias and Sons have a fine time of it, too, taking the grease-spots out of their *togæ viriles* with benzine and hartshorn! Won't they be traceable for miles and months after, by the odor of those charming drugs! They will, of course. But we are an elastic people—a gum-elastic people, indeed, now that the blessings of postage-stamp money have marked us for their own, and we are already adapting ourselves to the circumstances forced upon us by Dyer Necessity. There is one thing against which we must warn Paterfamilias, however. No matter how high up paper goes—and it has already reached a greater altitude than boy's kite ever aspired to—let paterfamilias reduce his wardrobe to a hat and a pair of drawers, his furniture to a camp-stool and a mouse-trap, ere he contemplates the possibility of giving up his newspaper. Let Materfamilias comb him down with the camp-stool and upraid him with the unnecessary mouse-trap, should he ever hint at such an outrageous retrenchment. Better for Paterfamilias is contentment, and nothing to wear except a newspaper at a cent extra, than the finest cloth and linen, and a mind demoralized for want of wholesome journalistic advice.

THE RED MAN.

THE *Rufus Homo*, or Red Man of this hemisphere, does not at all come up to our standard of what is usually called a nice person. Viewing him from the famous COOPER standpoint, indeed, he may be looked upon as a sort of animated Cooper Institute, but to those who have experienced him as he actually is—to the inhabitants of Minnesota, for instance—he seems anything but a credit to the great novelist by whom a halo of romance has been thrown about him. His instincts are brutish, as may be seen from the nomenclature in which he indulges. When he is not a Snake, he is a Crow, a Fox, a Big Turtle, or a Hole-in-the-Day. About three hundred of his kind are sentenced to execution for the Minnesota massacres, but, as the worst use you can put a man to—even a red man—is to hang him, we would suggest that the three hundred be pardoned on condition of their immediately proceeding southwards in pursuit of ALBERT PIKE and his painted savages. Half of the energy shown by our copper-skinned brutes in their Thug recreations up in the north-west, would ensure one of two very desirable consummations—either the utter annihilation of themselves, or that of the foe against whom we want them to be sent. LITTLE CROW may be a very fine savage in his way, and so may BIG PIKE, but we see quite enough of feathers and paint every fine day upon Broadway, and it will be good for both Arkansas and Minnesota to have the articles reduced to a homœopathic papoose and placed in Mr. BARNUM'S collection.

Anomalous.

IT has been found next to impossible to procure a capable *Dux* for the Army of the Potomac, and yet we hear a great deal about Quacks in its medical Department.

Just the General for the Exempts.

GENERAL Debility.

"Here's Richness!"

POLITICS are like gold diggings. There are no end of "old placers" mixed up with both.

ETCETERA."

SHAKESPEARE has come forward and testified, very handsomely, to the virtue which he professes to have detected lying around loose in an "if." We have always been persuaded that were some equally gifted person to be discovered at this day—and there, perhaps, has (till lately) been the rub—he might be found asserting himself with similar boldness in respect to "etc."—an abbreviation which has heretofore been degraded to the basest uses. We are aware that "etc." often stands for some vague and important nothing—as when a violent opponent, having quite exhausted the list of his adversary's vices, makes it expand indefinitely with the "etc.," or as a shopkeeper multiplies his mere stock with mirrors, and thus seems to be something of a wholesale fellow after all. SOUTHEY manifestly entertained a secret respect for the term, or he would never have named his best prose work, "The Doctor, etc." But not till the other day did mortal man see *everything* in it—that is, everything except a pound or two of butter, as may be seen from the following:

A Rebel officer chanced to be in want of something possessing the property of making hoe-cake go better; and, recollecting that Butter was good for that purpose, he forthwith despatched JOHN, his servant, with a basket, and armed him with a pass reading as follows:

"Pass my servant, JOHN, on horseback, anywhere between Winchester and Martinsburgh, in search of butter, etc., etc.

"A. BURNETT RHETT, Capt. of Light Artillery,
"Sec'd Battalion."

With the perversity—or inspiration—of a foolish son of HAM, or with the vicious obstinacy of the wretch who employs himself on trifles, on the plea that they "make up the sum of life," (of course knowing, all the while, they don't,) behold the young and glossy courier slighting the plain text concerning the oleaginous desideratum, and resolving a world of meaning into the flourish—slipping from one to the other, we suppose, with a sort of greasy facility, and staying there, as it was easier than going back. With the eccentric ratiocination peculiar to his race—and which we despair of following—he determines that "etc.," or, especially, "etc." repeated, can mean nothing but Liberty—Liberty as *he* understands it. This point settled, the good, affectionate, conscientious, and strictly obedient creature—Africans are always such, before contamination—sets about performing the work assigned him, (for of course he couldn't have considered it a pleasure,) and reserves the agreeable recreation of butter-hunting for some moment of leisure.

We thus owe to a mulatto the first brilliant flash of mind in relation to the latent virtue of "etc."

Has JOHN no other name?—or do they design him for a sort of colored Evangelist? We should not be surprised, on the termination of his campaign, to find him located in the neighborhood of Buttermilk Falls, engaged in the distracting pursuit of washing himself white. Upon the conclusion of this series of experiments over his cuticle, we suggest a Mill, with an over-shot Waterwheel, for the Manufacture of Patent Churns for the Southern Market. This beneficent enterprise well advanced, it would be of obvious advantage to marry and raise up Junior Partners in the Concern—adhering steadily to the original design of keeping the RHETT family easy on the subject of Butter.

LINES

THAT PEOPLE NEEDN'T READ UNLESS THEY CHEWS.

FRIENDS of Tobacco, snuffers, smokers, chewers,
Of Nicotine in any shape the wooers,
Lo! here's a caper.
They've raised the price of that same weed of yours
Five cents a paper!

Oh! for the muse of CHAUCER, to lament
The sudden rise of your sweet condiment—
Sweeter than ollas
To Spanish gourmands, on a festa bent—
In fact, your Solace.

When on the counter the old price you cast
And find the *quid pro quo* increasing fast,
You sigh "Alack! oh!"
And like King James indulge a Counter Blast
Against Tobacco!

Old girls must now use less of Maccaboy
Old salts cut down their pig-tail—lads enjoy
Less fun as puffers;
While fewer Dips in boxes will annoy
Folk who hate snuffers.

But then the loafers, who in stage and car
Wage against decency incessant war,
With their "plug musses,"
And he—the man who smokes, as at a bar,
In omnibuses:

What will these do when the nicotic weed
Becomes too dear to be their common feed?
Must they their sport cut?
Will they renounce their juicy joys indeed,
And cut their short cut?

It must be so; if at the present rate
Tabac continues to appreciate,
The price must wipe out
Expectoration largely, and—sad fate!—
Put many a pipe out.

Ladies who swab our sidewalks, richly dressed,
To rid us of the juices there expressed,
And like drill-sergeants
Haul off "old soldiers" lying there at rest;
No more your silks shall be of the "vile pest"
Brooms and abstergents.

A Question for Topographers.

WHY on earth was the famous whale-oily city of New-Bedford called by that unmeaning name? Had we been called in at the christening, now, we'd certainly have named it Sperma City.

EFFECTS OF THE STATE ELECTIONS.

FOR some days past, the lower part of the city has been infested by a poor maniac whose wild glaring eye seemed a heart overcharged to express. He presented the appearance of a person who had once seen better days, although he had little on him to speak of except a few straws of an inferior quality, and these arranged with less attention to coquetry than usually marks the toilet of the harmless lunatic. His insanity seemed to be of a perfectly innocuous character, and he was taken in hand by the police, merely because his singular appearance attracted a great crowd about the corner of Spruce street and Printing-House Square, causing obstruction of the sidewalk. On being taken to the lower Police Court, he gave his name as HORACE TRIBUNE, asked for a few strawberries, and expressed a great desire to be forwarded to "Blackwell's Island, the place where good niggers go." From a few incoherent expressions dropped by him, it appeared that his mind must have broken down under the result of the late elections; but no information respecting his residence and family could be obtained from him except the constantly-repeated assertion that he once had 900,000 men and brothers, but that he didn't know where they now were, and didn't care. The magistrate kindly ordered the poor wanderer's head to be shaved, and an old hat to be given him; and he was then locked up, pending further inquiries into his case. The annexed cut is from a photograph taken of him by the Police.

Shortly after the occurrence of the above incident, several peaceable citizens were startled by the strange antics of a sort of dancing dervish, who was acting deliriously for the amusement of a crowd of people at the corner of Beekman street and Park Row. This person, who was of spherical build, was apparently under the influence of gunjah-wallah, gin-cocktail, or some other cheap and wholesome stimulant. He whirled round and round with wonderful celerity, causing one or more of the spectators to fall to the ground from vertigo produced by the sight. This man's form of insanity was the very antithesis to that of the gloomy lunatic already described. Indeed, his hilarity was of such a boisterous nature, as to cause the upsetting of one of the Third-avenue cars, which was run off the track by the terrified horses, producing the greatest consternation among the passengers. The Police now thought it was about time to interfere, and the spherical maniac was taken before the sitting magistrate at the Tombs. He declined to give his name, saying merely that he was a Man of the World, that he knew what he was about, and PETER COOPER, and that since the elections had gone all right he would away with melancholy and no more changes ring on life and human folly, but merrily, merrily sing, fa la. He was ordered to be confined in a warm cell, and supplied with plenty of liquor and cigars, so as to bring him to a proper state of depression. The portrait with which we present our readers is from a *carte* negatived off by four of Mr. GURNEY'S young men, who were specially put in harness by us for the purpose.

Cases for Consideration.

WE see it mentioned that somebody has just patented "new water-proof cases for the army."

To those who observe the habits of the numerous military "stragglers" at present infesting our city, it will be patent enough that the army is already pretty well supplied with "water-proof cases."